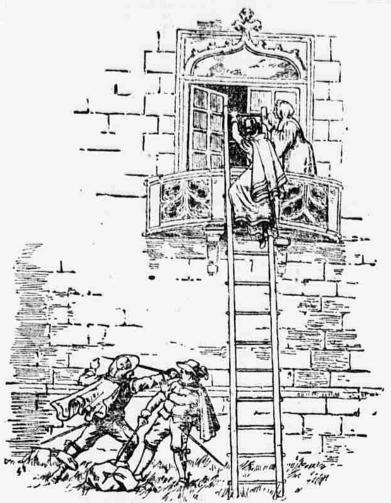
some warranty that you are the person you pretend to be. M. de Marsac."



I DASHED MY HILT INTO HIS PACE.

displaying in all a passion which even in her attendant would have surprised me, but in one so slight and seemingly delicate, overwhelmed and confounded me. In fault, as I was, I could not understand the peculiar bitterness she displayed or the contemptuous force of her language, and I stared at her in slient wonder until of her own accord she supplied the key to her feelings. In a fresh outburst of rage she snatched off her mask, and I saw before me the young maid of honor whom I had encountered in the King of Navarre's ante-chamber, whom I had been so unfortunate as

to expose to the railiery of Matturine. "Who has paid you, sir," she continued, her small hands clenched and tears of anger in hereyes, "to make me the laughing stock of the court? It was bad enough when I thought you the proper agent of those to whom I have a right to look for aid! It was bad enough when I thought myself forced through their inconsiderateness to choose between an odious imprisonment and the ridicule to which your intervention would expose me. But that you should have dared of your own motion to fol low me; you, the butt of the court-"

"Mademoiselle!" I cried.
"A needy out-at-elbows adventurer!" she persisted, triumphing her cruelty, "it exceeds

all bearing: it--" "Nay, mademoiselle, you shall hear me!"

"Nay, mademoiselle, you shall hear me!" I cried, with a sternness which at last stopped her. "Granted that I am poor, I am still a gentleman—yes, mndemoiselle, a gentleman and the last of a family which has spoken with jours on equal terms. And I claim to be heart. I swear that when I came here to hight thelieved you to be a complete stranger! I was unaware that I had ever seen you or met you before!"

"Then why come?" she said, viciously.

"I was engaged to come by those whom you mention, and there, and there only, am I in fault. They entrusised to me a token which have lost. For that I crave your pardon."

"You have need to," she answered, hitterly, yet with a changed countenance. I fancied. If your story be true, sir."

"Ay, that you have!" the woman beside her choed. "Hoity toity—indeed! You gentleman and wear such a doublet as—"

"Peace, Fanchette!" mademoiselle said, imperiously. And then for a moment she stood silled the story of the

be berson you name making choice of such a bessenger;

I'es, I answered. "That he might not be suspected of conniving at your escape."

Oh!" she ortied, with a spark of her former passion. "Then it is to be put about that illies de in Vire has fled from Chizé with M. de largac, is if? I thought that!"

Through the assistance of M. de Marsac," I said, correcting her coldly. "It is for you, mademoiselle, to weigh that disadvantage sanisat the unpleasantness of remaining here, if only remains for me to ask you to decide at once. Time preases and I have stayed here to long already."

The words had no more than passed my lips when they received unwelcome confirmation in the shape of a distant sound; the noisy closhed of the stay of the confirmation in the shape of a distant sound; the noisy closhed of the stay of the confirmation in the shape of a distant sound; the noisy closhed of the confirmation in the shape of a distant sound; the noisy closhed of the stay of the confirmation in the shape of a distant sound; the noisy closhed of the stay of the confirmation in the shape of a distant sound; the noisy closhed in the shape of a distant sound; the noisy closhed in the shape of a distant sound; the noisy distant sound is a summed cry, and the tramp of footsteps his distant passage. "Addenoiselle looked at me and I ather woman." The deer!" I muttered. "Is it locked?"

Then you have still time, mademoiselle." I whispered, retreating a step and laying my

Being the Memoirs of Gaston de Bonne,

Sieur de Marsac.

A ROMANCE.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "The House of the Wolf," &c.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

This, for the moment, seemed to baffle her, and after a panse she continued: "Where do you propose to take me, sir?"

"To a panse she continued: "Where do you propose to take me, sir?"

"To a pank bravely." she replied with a faint meet. "You have made some great friends jately, it seems! But you bring me aome leiter, no doubt. At least some sign, some token, some warranty that you are the person you pretend to be, M. de Marsac."

"Nar, sir," she cried impetuously, "there is

hand on the curtain before the window. Perhaps 1 affected greater coolness than I felt. If you choose to remain, well and good. If, on the source of the stand to be honor of agentieman to deet you then to he honor of agentieman to deet you then to he honor of agentieman to deet you then to he honor of agentieman to the set you the head of the source on the honor of agentieman to deet you the head of the stand they the woman namewore. The continuent is a part her yes full of excitoment, she turned hastly to Fanchette.

"You like" the woman dashed out the war of "Ibu once started, heaven bein us, for it he overtakes us well pay dearly it."

Mademoiselle did not speak hereaft, but it was enough. The noise at the door increase, in the overtakes us well pay dearly it."

Mademoiselle did not speak hereaft, but it was enough. The noise at the door increase, in the overtakes us well pay dearly it."

Mademoiselle did not speak hereaft, but it was enough. The noise at the door increase in the overtakes us well pay dearly the seam of the overtakes us well pay dearly the seam of the overtakes us well pay dearly the seam of the

no need of words. If you have what I say, show it me! Show it me! It is you who lose time. A truce to talking if you please."

I had used very few words, and God knows was not the man to use many; but being in the wrong I had no answer to make except the truth, and that lamely.

"I had such a token as you mention, mademoiselle," I explained. "no further back than this afternoon, in the shape of half of a gold coin, entrusted to me by my friend. But—to my shame I say it—it was stolen from me a few hours back."

"Stolen from you!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, mademoiselle: and for that reason I cannot show it." I answered.

"You cannot show it and you dare to come to me without it!" She spoke with a vehemence which fairly startled me, prepared as I twas scarcely done before the women.

I footateps below, and saw him run up, his sword drawn.

"Quick, Fresnoy!" I cried. "To the horses and unfasten them!"

I slid down the rest of the way thinking he had gone to do my bidding, and greatly relieved to find him at his post. But my feet were scarcely on the ground when a violent blow in the side sent me staggering three packs from the ladder. The attack was so undeen, so unexpected, that but for the sight of Fresnoy's scowling face, wild with rage, at my shoulder, and the sound of his flerce which was entangled in my saddlebag. I might never have known who struck the blow.

Fortunately the knowledge did come to me in time, and before he freed his blade; and it nerved my hand. To draw my sword at such close quarters was impossible, but, dropping the bag which had as ved my life, I dashed my hilt in his face with such violence that he staggered backward and fell on the turf, a dark stain growing and spreading on his uptured face.

It was scarcely done before the words.

was for reproaches. "You come to me! It was scarcely done before the women You!" And therewith, scarce stopping to take breath, she loaded me with abuse, calling me impertinent, a meddler, and a hundred other things that I now blush to recall, and therefore the women reached the bottom of the ladder and stood beside me. "Quick!" I cried to them. "or they will be upon us." Selzing Mademoiselle's hand at the moment half a dozen men came running round the corner of the house. I jumped with her down the haha, and urging running round the corner of the house. I jumped with her down the haha, and urging her to her utmost speed dashed across the open ground which lay between us and the belt of trees. Once in the shelter of the latter, where our movements were hidden from view. I had still to free the horses and mount Mademoisells and her woman, and this in hasta. But my companions' arimirable coolness and presence of mind, and the objection which our nursuers, who did not know our numbers, seemed to feel to leaving the open ground, enabled us to do all with comparative case.

Isprang on the Cid—it has always been my habit to teach my horse to stand for me, nor do I know any accomplishment more serviceable at a pinch—and, giving Fresnoy's gray a cut over the flanks, which despatched it shead, led the way down the ride by which I had gnined the chateau in the afternoon. I knew it to be level and clear of trees, and the first that we chose it might throw our pursuers off the track for a time by leading them to think we had taken the south road instead of that through the village.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROAD TO BLOIS. Gaining the road without let or hindrance, a sharp burst in the moonlight brought us to the village. We dashed through it to the inn, almost running over the four evangelists whom we found standing at the door ready for whom we lound scatching at the study. Teaty for the saddle. I bade them in a quick, peremptory tone to get to horse, and was overjoyed to see them obey without demur or word of Fresnoy. In another minute, with a great clatter of hoofs, we sprang clear of the hamlet, and were well on the road to Molle, with Poitiers some thirteen leagues before us. I looked bake and thought I discerned lights moving in the direction of the chateau; but the dawn was still some two hours of, and the moonlight left me in doubt whether they were real or the creatures of my own fearful fancy. I remember, three years before this time, on the occasion of the famous retreat from Angers, when the Frince of Condé had involved his army beyond the Loire, and saw himself, in the impossibility of recrossing the river, compolled to take ship for England, leaving every one to shift for himself—I well remember on that occasion riding alone and pistol in hand through more than thirty miles of the enemy's country without drawing rein. But my anxieties were then confined to the four shoes of my horse. The dangers to which I was exposed at every ford and cross road were such as are inseparable from a campaign, and breed in generous hearts only a flerce piensure, rarely to be otherwise enjoyed. And though I then rode warily, and, where I could not carry terror, had all to fear myself, there was nothing secret or underhand in my husiness.

Now all that was changed. During the first few hours of our flight from Chizé I experienced a fearful excitement, an alarm, and a feverish anxiety to get forward which oppressed my spirits to the very ground, which led me to take every sound horne to us on the wind for the sound of pursuit, and transformed the clang of a hammer on the anvil into the ring of swords, and the voluces of my own men to those of the pursuers. It was in vain. Matemoiselle rode with a free hand, and leaping such obstacles as lay in her way, gave promise of courage and endurance beyond my expectations. I could think of nothing but the three the saddle. I bade them in a quick, peremptory tone to get to horse, and was overjoyed to see them obey without demur or word of

mutiny at any moment, or worse still, rid themselves of me and all restraint by a single trencherous blow such as Fresnoy had almed at me, filled me with an ever present dread, which it taxed my utmost energies to hide from them, which I strove in van to conceal from Mademoiselie's keener vision.

Whether it was this had an effect upon her, giving her a meaner opinion of me than that which I had for a while thought she entertained, or that she began now it was too late to reget her flight, and to resent my part in ft. I scarcely know; but from daybreak onward she assumed an attitude of cold cuspicion toward me, matched only by the scornful distance of her manner when she deigned, and that was seldom, to address me.

She never allowed me to forget for a moment that I was in her eyes a needy adventurer; paid by her friends to escort her to a place of safety, but without any claim to the singallest privilege of intimacy or equality. When I would have adjusted her saddle, she hade her woman come and hold up her skirt, that my hands should not touch its hem, even by accident. And when I would have brought wine to her at Molle—where we stayed for twenty minutes—she called Fanchette to hand it to her. She rode for the most part in her mask; but one good effect her pride and reserve had: they impressed our men with a strong sense of her importance and the danger to which any interference with her might expose them.

The two men whom Fresno had enlisted I directed to ride a score of paces in advance. Luke and John I placed in the rear. In this manner I though to keep them somewhat apart. I broposed myself to ride abreast of mademoiselle, but she made it so cil ar that my neighborhood displeased her that I fell back, I aving her to ride with Fanchette; and was fain to content mys-if with plodding at their heels and striving to attach the later evangelists to my interest.

We were so fortunate, despite my fears, as to find the road nearly deserted—as alas, was much of the country deserted no more, but fell back, shrugging

"You have not heard the most puissant and flustrious lord the Duke of Guise is dead?"

"What? M. de Guise dead?" I oried.

He nodded several times with an air of great importance and paused as if he would have gone on to give me some particulars, but suddenly bethinking him, as I fancied, that he spoke in the hearing of half a dozen guests who sat about the grate fire behind me, and had both eyes and ears open, he contented himself with shifting his towel to his other arm, and saying gravely: "Yes, sir, dead as any nail. The news came through here yesterday, and made a protty sir. It happened at Blois the day but one before Christmas, if all be true."

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"THEN LISTEN!" HE CRIED. "HEAR MY ACCUSATION!"

but I noticed that notwithstanding this the streets presented a busy and animated accarrest converse. At hell was tolling somewhere, and near the eathedral a crowd of some statehold to the wall. In norther place a soldier, wearing the crimson colors of the League, but splashed and stained as If with recent travol, was holding forth to a treathless circle boring corner shuttered in hearth of privacy was holding forth to a treathless circle boring corner shuttered a handful of priests, who whilapered together with gloomy faves. Many stared at us as we passed, and some on inviting no converse. At the north gate on, inviting no converse, at the north gate on, inviting no converse. At the north gate on, inviting no converse, at the north gate on, inviting no converse. At the north gate on, inviting no converse, at the north gate on, inviting no converse. At the north gate on, inviting no converse, at the north gate on, inviting no converse, at the north gate on, inviting no converse, at the north gate of the gate and leave as few traces of our passage as might be.

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As soon as we were outside the town [fell proposed to stay came in alght at the cross to keep their audies for future. At last, in the converse of the gate and the converse of the gate and the converse of the gate of the gate and the converse of the gate of the gate and the gate of the gate and the gate of the g

THE PARIS COUNTRYSIDE.

tudents, Grisettes, and Bourgeolate From the City, All Are Ohe! Ohes as They Romp and Shout Along Road and Lane and Waterelde-Mantes With Its Church,

REPOSEFUL RURAL SCENES THAT EN-VIRON THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Bridges, Bucolle Customs and Cuisine. T. Paris, June 16,-At the Brasserie d' Harcourt, in the heart of the Latin quarter, there s always noise enough. "Brasserie d'Harcourt? Jamais de la vie!" exclaims the delicourt? Jamais de la vie : exclaims the deli-cate cocotte of the Jardin de Paris and the Quartier Marboeuf. "Lot us go anywhere ex-cept to that place. The students shout so; they are not polite!" On their part, the loud students, with all their models. laundry

girls, and conclerges' daughters, profess contempt for the mercenary boulevard. In the springtime they also begin to speak slight-



There is always enough noise at the Brasse. rie d'Harcourt, but the loudest is when a rie d'Harcourt, but the loudest is when a party comes in from a day's excursion to the country. Four young men and as many young women, all loaded down with blossoms, thirsty, fatigued, overioped to be back in that same artificial life of Paris and to be the centre of attention as they litter up the place with all their trophles, they sween in like a whirlwind, scattering, right and left, greetings, lokes, deflances, and reproaches, mingled with twigs and leaves and ierns and flowers. You would think they were the first discoverers of the countryside, and that no one before had ever taken a day's outing.



Yet this is one of the most typical of all Parisian expicits. Not only students, who make the most noise over it, but purties of working people, clerks and their sweethearts, shop girls, Government employees, whole middle-class families even, and groups joined together by every possible kind of the, the just and the unjust, all make alike for the country-side where the sun may shine upon them. There they scold Paris from a proper distance, not too far from the railway station, which holds out to them, like a mother's hand, protection and connection with the great heart of their beloved alma mater whom they hlaspheme, but only with their lips. They think they love the country; but they go to it only for the joy of returning to the asphalt.



The spirit in which these trips are made is so different from the American pienicking disposition, that one is put to some circomlocution to express it. The shoutings and greetings of the Brasserio d'Harcourt, in which all sense of personal perspective is utterly lost by the merry art and medical students, is perhaps the nearest translation of it. To be a personal tea incore the surrounding universe sense of personal perspective is ulterly lost by
the merry art and medical students, is perhaps the nearest tran-lation of it. To be a
Parisian is to ignore the surrounding universe
except as a playground for the good people togo out in. They look down with condescension on the country folk, on the horses, the
fleils, the trees, and the rivers. They bring
their café habits of mind and fin de-secte
morals with them; and, sogreat is the prestige
of Paris, they are looked up to by the countrymen, praised and admired as if they could do
no wrong.



"What, my petite," says a big brown girl from Parls, kicking up her heels upon the turf beside a little peasant maid in wooden shoes. "What! you want to go to Paris? And what would you do there?"

"Oh, I would do the same as you," responds



In the countryside for fifty miles around Paris all the restaurants are good. Fine open carriages roll along the smoothest of turnpikes. Every village has its antiquities, its churches, its bridges, its museums, and its charming seenery. It is a great garden, trim, tight, and saug; a country citified, set added to by romance, historical reminiscences, and a wealth of settled ways, where the rustice are very rustic, and have sense enough to know they harmonize well with the landscape.



amiable Parisians who go to pass Sundays and fote days in the environs. They are called this because of their joys, their pleasures, their distractions, which translate themselves generally by the special ery of "Ohé! Ohé!" There are not rowdy students only: there are atock brokers 'clerks, law students, notaries' apprentices, young architects. When you meet them in Paris you will perhaps see them grave, serious, methodical, and pretentious. Once loose upon the green fields they are "Ohé! Ohés!" brawling, laughing, dancing, and always shouting noisily.

11. These are the delights of the river and the fields. They are the delights of those also who go out more often in groups of affinity than of consanguinity. However, when the French language has been a stranger to your youth, and bilarity sits uneasily upon your Western maturity, it is as well to take to the country-



side with more of ease and less of noise. Those who come with us may even feel some touch

who come with us may even feel some touch of the pleasant, artificial melancholy of Burton and the "Penseroso," for there is much of the past in the sleepy town of Mantes and the fleids that lie near by. There is the present also, the slow and rather saddish life of a small French town.

Mantes, this country town in France, has some six thousand souls. It is thirty miles from Paris, in the direction of Rouen, and near to Normandy. At the capture of Mantes (in the year 1087) William the Conqueror, after ha had burned down a church, received that fall from his horse which caused his death. The town still has a magnificent Gothic church, rebuilt with William's money, out of his repent-



ance; and it has a fine old bridge, the River seine, and country carriage drives the most charming that can be imagined.

At the railway station of Mantes the traveller will stop and look about him. The peasant costume of a countrywoman suckling an infant beneath a tree will assure him that he is really out of Parls. The incurious and bovine stare of the good townsmen on the streets will be more flattering to his vanity than the village pleasantries the American is habituated to in his own fair land; and he will tip his hat with pleasure to a passing priest who has given him a friendly salutation, a thing, of course, he does not get in Paris.

At the hotel the proprietor will be polite, but with a politeness different from that of Paris. Parls hotels live on strangers and tourists. Country hotels do not; their trade is almost exclusively with farmers and others near at hand. The politeness of the country hotel proprietor in an unfrequented town, therefore, will be like the politeness of Goverament officials,



disinterested and without enthusiasm. If the travelier be of a sensitive disposition he will feel like a poor relation: if his sensibilities are well under control he will speak up cheerfully and ask what time they serve the dinner. Everything goes well in France for the man who asserts himself.

Then take your room and inspect the beds. It is well to bring insect powder in your valles, with a little blower to spread it on the bed, in the early afternoon, to give the insects proper time to die. This you must do for yourself in country hotels. It is not like Faris, where you ring for the insect powder girl as you ring for the gargon.

With respect to this ringing for the gargon, an incident will help to illustrate the perfunctoriness of these who move about these country hotels. The guest rang and rang, and yet no waiter appeared. At last he opened his door and called out to a chambermaid placidly sitting in the hallway:

"But you hear me ring?"

"But you mang three times: that is for the gargon. Two times is for the chambermaid."

"Then why didn't you come?"

"Because there is no gargon in this hotel."

TIT. There are two of these hotels in Mantes, each with indifferent accommodations; but in both the food is very good. One is the Hotel of the Great Stag and the White Horse, United: the the food is very good. One is the Hotel of the Great Stag and the White Horse, United; the other is the Hotel of the Rock of Cancale. The first, the Grand Cerf, is the more interesting in appearance. It is a long, two-storied, straggling building, with two wings which form a handsome courtyard, well shaded. Formerly it was a convent building. Within its quaint, irregular-shaped rooms where nious nuns were wont to sit and muse, the modern commercial traveller and stray tourist snore in lofty canopied beds, or young ladies from Paris keep up a chattering and frolicking the whole night through. The entrance to the Grand Cerf is through the kitchen, where a chef in white duck and with a flerce moustache welcomes the guest and waves him to the landlady's office at the side. Hooms cost three francs a night. The dinner is good—also three francs, including wine. But the conversation of the regular boarders was something indescribable the only time I visited this interesting hotel. The regular boarders were eight men, probably railway clerks and the like, and the hurden of the talk was borne by a gray-bearded old reprobate with a dirty yellow beard of patriarchal luxuriance. They paid no regard to an



Englishman and his family seated quietly at a side table, but continued their inappropriate stories from the soup to the chicken, when the English left the room in the highest indignation. The man could be heard at the desk asking for his bill, and the landlady was in vain expostuating with him. He took his wife and daughter to the flock of Cancale. A little later all the rest of us had paid our bills.

The Hotel of the Rock of Cancale is more of a family resort than the Grand Cerf. Its table the next morning at lunch was filled with a quiet and rather mournful mixture of respectable countryfolk in town for the weekly market. There was no conversation at all, except

that of a fine, stout little boy, whose deting young mother was alraid to give him too much Camembert cheese with his jelly. His fluency in French aroused the enthusiasm of the Englishman's daughter, who krew the difficulties of the language. Her father benevolently pointed out that Fronch children acquires their accent and vocabulary very young. For breakfast there were fried fish from the Soine, mutton ragout, green beaus, stuffed tomatoes, cherries, and various cheeses and joilies. A full bottle of country wine was included—making, for fifty cents, a lunch which was good, even for france.

Tourists familiar with cheerful German villages, their laughter, their songs, and their musical beer gardens at night, will feel a lack in northern France. Here the provincials are a not over cheerful people. Above all Paris draws to itself all those who wish for gazety and noise. A great proportion of the people, especially the women, are intensely religious. These who are not intensely religious. These who are not intensely religious. These who see not intensely religious. These who see not intensely religious. These who see not intensely religious. These who are not intensely religious. These who see not intensely religious. These who see not intensely religious are intensely navarietous and saving. Thus there will be no amusement for the stranger except who the can make for himself. In this they are most folerant. But if he does not bring his gay companions with him, he may look into the great church at night and then go off to bed.

Note Dame de Mantes is a touting church, interesting to architects for many reasons. It was built at the same time as Notre Dame of Paris, and the exterior retains what was the original disposition of the intere church. Much ha been written about it. In the late twillight, when the country town is already slient. This church stands portentous and alone in the



midst of its public square, its back to the river and its front to the town. Now and then a side door opens, and a man or woman passes in or out. Instite, a few dim lights, which throw gigantic shadows, sorve for those who come to pray and tell their heads. Each step resounds as develose move from chapel to chapel. Saints on their pedestals and the Virgin in her niche look down as they have done 800 years.

Behind the church is the River Seine, with drives and promenades. A small island formed here is united with Mantes by a modern bridge. At a little distance is the ancient bridge of the twelfth century, which is far more graceful.

In any of these French country towns one can hire an open carriage of the exact style and model so common in Paris, and, for two and a half france an hour, can be driven hours and hours, through many a village and hamles,



many a wood and orchard. The road like all French country roads, is hard and smooth, in perfect condition for bicycles, of which one meets not a few. Many another party will be met as well, "Oh! Ohes," and couples undestrous of being looked at Other vehicles are those of country people coming to the market. They are of every description, from donkey carts to heavy wains drawn by oxen. Now and then a smart villa will disclose itself and perhaps a handsome turnout; but these are accidents.

The charm is of a perfect countryside, with nothing urly and nothing new. Every inch is under cultivation, with soher and contented, if a little stupid, small proprietors tilling their own fields.

Certainly women do work in the fields over here, but it is a mistake to think that they are overworked or that their lot is hard. From the railway the American sees the women working in the fields and shudders at the sight. But they are working in their own fields, small

in the fields and shudders at the sight. But they are working in their own fields, small fields, under minute cultivation, and all their female friends do just the same. They are within calling distance of each other. At 10 o'clock in the morning they stop for an hour and eat their second breakfast, and they drink wine with it. At 1 o'clock they stop ggain for two hours, to take their dinner and a rest and gossip. And in the evening they march through the fields to the village, in



merry parties, with their implements on their shoulders, and thoir brothers, lovers, and husbands by their sides—a life so nearly ideal that it is a never-failing subject for French painters.

The carriage rolls along the level road that skirts the river side. Later the road turns from the river and, ascending a gentle slope between spule and pear orchards, shows glimpses of the valley of the Scine. There are no fonces marking off the fields, which are scattered with scarlet peoples and the yellow of wild mustard. Along the road are hawthern hedges that later on will gleam with red, and busness of wild plun that in their time will glisten purple with their fruit. One sees patchess of young green corn, which is grown for fodder. The projected hillsides are given over to the grapes, and among them there are many workers moving now to tend the vines. Skirting orchards and open fields of cabuages that shine with a metallic biutsh green, and pasture flelds where little girls tend cows and donkeys, the road ascends to the plateau which overlooks the scine directly opposite Mantes.

The Scine is not the Rhine. It is smaller, the hil's are not high, and the castles vanished long ago. Yet the traveller, as he throws himself on the turf and traces the contour of the river and the lands below, is irresistibly and comically reminded of the astounding vistas from the heights of Stolzenfels. All things are on a small scale here, gentle, beaceful, and domestic. The banks of the Scine are lined with graceful willow trees; the boundaries of distant roads and fields are marked off by glender Lombardy poplara, and the southern fillisides are covered with the vines. Through all, the river winds, a lazy stream.

If there are no castles immediately near, there are at least the fowers of Mantes and the unfinished stoeples of Notre Dame. A short distance farther on, there are the ruins of an old convent of the Celestine monks, founded in 1370 by Charles V. of France. It was in the act of foundation of this monastery that Charles for t